

to the Right Honourable, The Lord Mayor of the famous City of LONDON, the Honourable the Sheriffs, Aldermen, Common Council, and all Worthy Citizens of the same, the Humble Address of *Anthony Wildgoos*, Workman-Printer: [44]

I N  
D I V I N E M E D I T A T I O N S  
O N  
D E A T H,

Made upon these Nine WORDS,

Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Die.



*Nothing* { More with'd than Wealth, yet that must leave us ;  
More sweet than Love, that lasts not ever :  
More dear than Friends, yet they'll deceive us ;  
More fast than Wedlock, yet they sever.  
The World must end, all things away must fly :  
*Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Dye.*

*More* { Strength may be obtain'd, but 'twill decay ;  
Beauty may be had, but 'twill not last :  
Honour may be got, but 'twill away ;  
Joys may follow, but these soon are past.  
For long continuance, it's in vain to try.  
*You, and you, and you, and all must Dye.*

*Sure* { Love must Die, though rooted in the Heart ;  
'Tis, that all things earthly are unstable :  
Friends are pure friends, yet such friends must part ;  
'Tis, that all things (here) are variable.  
Not two nor one may scape ; nor thou, nor I ;  
*Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Die.*

*Then* { Let the Rich no longer covet Wealth ;  
Let the Proud vail his ambitious Thought ;  
Let the Sound not glory in his Health :  
Let all yield, since all must come to nought.  
For long Continuance, it's vain to try :  
*Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Dye.*

*Death* { Took away King *Herod* in his Pride,  
Spar'd not *Hercules* for all his strength ;  
Struck Great *Alexander* that he dy'd ;  
Long spar'd *Adam*, yet he dy'd at length.  
The Beggar and the King, the Low, the High ;  
*Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Dye.*

*For* { Scepters, Crowns, Imperial Diadems ;  
All the Beauties that on Earth do live :  
Pleasures, Treasures, Jewels, costly Jems ;  
All the Glory that the World can give,  
Death will not spare his Dart, but still reply,  
*You, and you, and you, and all must Dye.*

*All* { From the highest, to the lowest Degree ;  
Nations, People, Kingdoms, Countries, Lands,  
In the Earth, or Air, or Sea, that be,  
Must yield up to his all-conquering Hands :  
He wounds them all with an Impartial Eye :  
*Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Die.*

*Must* { All then Die ; then all must think on Death :  
All things vanish ? Sun, and Moon, and Stars ?  
Every single Creature yield his Breath ?  
All things cease, our Joys, Delights, our Cares ?  
Yes, All with an united voice do cry,  
*Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Die.*

*Die* { Let us then, but let us Die in peace ;  
To our Sins, that dying we may live :  
To the World, that Grace may more increase ;  
Here, to live with him that life doth give,  
Die, die we must ; let Wealth and Pleasures lie,  
*Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Die.*

*Man the first Garden-Flower in Eden faded ;  
Man the first Building, the first Babel prov'd ;  
Man the first rais'd, was Man the first degraded ;  
Man was first shook, that might have liv'd unmov'd.  
Death's breath o'r Flowers and Towers bath like Commanding ;  
His Hand pull'd down, Man rais'd, shook Man firm-standing.*

F I N I S.